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## Hamlet at the Boston.

We sit before the row of evening lamps,  
Each in his chair,  
Forgetful of November dusks and damps,  
And wintry air.

A little gulf of music intervenes,  
A bridge of sighs,  
Where still the cunning of the curtain screens  
Art's paradise.

My thought transcends those violets' shrill delight,  
The booming bass,  
And towards the regions we shall view to-night  
Makes hurried pace:

The painted castle, and the unneeded guard  
That ready stand;  
The harmless Ghost, that walks with helm unbarred  
And beckoning hand:

And, beautiful as dreams of maidenhood,  
That doubt defy,  
Young Hamlet, with his forehead grief-subdued,  
And visioning eye.

O fair dead world, that from thy grave awak'st  
A little while,  
And in our heart strange revolution mak'st  
With thy brief smile!

O beauties vanished, fair lips magical,  
Heroic braves!  
O mighty hearts, that hold the world in thrall!  
Come from your graves!

The Poet sees you through a mist of tears, —  
Such depths divide  
Him, with the love and passion of his years,  
From you, inside!

The Poet's heart attends your buskined feet,  
Your lofty strains,  
Till earth's rude touch dissolves that madness sweet,  
And life remains:

Life that is something while the senses heed  
The spirit's call,  
Life that is nothing when our grosser need  
Engulfs it all.

And thou, young hero of this mimic scene,  
In whose high breast  
A genius greater than thy life hath been  
Strangely compressed!

Wear'st thou those glories draped about thy soul  
Thou dost present?  
And art thou by their feeling and control  
Thus eloquent?

'Tis with no feigned power thou bind'st our sense,  
No shallow art;  
Sure, lavish Nature gave thee heritage  
Of Hamlet's heart!

Thou dost control our fancies with a might  
So wild, so fond,  
We quarrel, passed thy circle of delight,  
With things beyond;

Returning to the pillows rough with care,  
And vulgar food,  
Sad from the breath of that diviner air,  
That loftier mood.

And there we leave thee, in thy misty tent  
Watching alone;  
While foes about thee gather imminent,  
To us scarce known.

Oh, when the lights are quenched, the music hushed,  
The plaudits still,  
Heaven keep the fountain, whence the fair stream  
gushed,  
From choking ill!

Let Shakspeare's soul, that wins the world from  
wrong,  
For thee avail,  
But not one holy maxim of his song  
Before thee fail!

So, get thee to thy couch as unreprieved  
As heroes blest;  
And all good angels, trusted in and loved,  
Attend thy rest!

## On the Wear and Tear of Voices.

(Correspondence of the London Literary Gazette.)

Paris, 15th December.

I told you, in one of my recent letters, that there had occurred something latterly at the *Conservatoire* here, in the Professorial department, that called for notice. It is the very smallest fact possible, but it is a fact, — just as the rushing of all Paris to applaud Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, which piece satirized implacably those who most applauded it, was also a fact, and a significant one. Of all the things that people in general society talk of most and know least about, there is none whereof more is said or less known than vocal music. The old and glorious art of "voice-building" is lost. Oh! for a musical Ruskin! How often have I, and the few who, like me, care for these things, had occasion to send forth that cry! "Why," said Rossini, to a friend of mine the other day, "Why should I go now to lyrical theatres? What should I go to hear? Singers who are gone-by now, and whom I have heard in their perfection when I was young? Or young singers who have not the faintest idea even of what a voice is, and who, if they have the rudiments of a good one, will have destroyed them in a few months?"

Alas! alas! it is but too true. It is worth while inquiring the cause of the one perpetual want felt in our days of singers who do not "go off" in an incredibly short time. "How very short a time singers last now-a-days!" is a phrase one hears for ever repeated, and the thing itself is true. A singer no sooner comes out, and is made much of, than he or she begins to show signs of a voice when the bloom is fading. Giuglini, who is a young tenor, full of good qualities, bears the marks of scratches already upon what I would term the enamel of his voice; Alboni sings below the tone constantly, (yet if ever nature made a perfect organ, hers was one); Bosio has inequalities, and her freshness is getting impaired. Take the tenors here, too: Roger is a man in the prime of life, yet is almost unbearable from the deterioration of his voice; Gueymard had the lungs of an ox, and the sonority of a trumpet, — he is quite young, but the voice is "used up;" Mario is only now reaching the age when Rubini first produced his great *furor* all over Europe! Yet Mario has now little else than defects, with here and there a beautiful note saved from the wreck! Compared to this, look at the past: Rubini's ten best years were from forty to fifty; Pisaroni, at sixty-seven, in private, sings still; Grassini, at seventy, had preserved all the truth of her

intonation; Catalani, up to the hour of her death, had entire command over her vocal resources. The instances are too numerous to quote of the vocalists of old times who preserved their voices true and equal to a late age, yet our days have none such to show. Why is this? Singers being in incomparably greater demand than they had ever used to be, and the proportion of lyrical theatres being as ten or twelve to one of what they were eighty years ago, the question is a useful one. Why the singers of our day do not last? Because their voices are not formed, and they are totally ignorant of what should be done to form them. Evoke the shade of Malibran, and ask her what she underwent whilst her father, Garcia, taught her to form her voice. Summon the spirit of Rubini, and bid him enumerate his sufferings under Nozzari. Go back to the palmy days of Crescentini and the immortal *conservatoire* of Naples, when singers were few (as really excellent artists always will be), and it took many, many years to make one.

If Marchesi and Pacchierotti, and Davide (the elder), could arise from their graves and speak, they would tell you it is no joke to render a voice fit for singing, but they would also tell you that unless made thus "fit," it will break down at the first difficulty, and in an incredibly short space of time be a ruin, besides being a terrible ear-sore to us, who are condemned to listen to it during the gradual process of its breaking down.

Now-a-days, instead of there being few singers, and those being first-rate, Europe, and America too, are over-run with men and women, who are devoid of even an elementary notion of what their own voices are really capable of. But not only are there now no Masters as there used to be, but I am in some doubt, if there were any, whether singers would go to them. One common absurdity is to prate about the "natural voice." There is no natural voice. Nature gives a vocal enunciation for the purposes of speaking, calling, shouting, or screaming out loudly, if in danger; but she does not give a voice ready fashioned to the work that is not natural; she does not give a voice ready to execute violin passages, take flying leaps from one extremity to the other of its extent, or sustain the sonority of one note until it dies away like the vibrations of a bell. She does not, and never did all this; and there is no absurdity beyond that of supposing the existence of a "natural" ready made voice for the purposes of singing. Go and fetch the best hack you can find in any gentleman's stables, or take even a really fine hunter, and without any "training" at all, put him to do the work of "Toxophilite;" we all know what would be the result. Yet this is done every day of our lives in the vocal world, and untrained vocalists are every day turned loose upon the "stiff" ground of all but impossible vocal music, and told to "go in and win" — which, of course, they never do.

The three only singers of this day who bear marks of teaching or "training," are three who are past the middle of life; these are Mmes. Grisi, Frezzolini, and Tamberlik. Watch either of these three open their mouths, take their breath, or emit the sound of their voices, and you see at once you have an artist before you. I do not mean a musician (Grisi, for one, is not that), I mean a vocal artist properly trained.

Much has been said, I am aware, of the harm done to singers by the extraordinary instrumental (and not vocal) music they are required to sing. There is truth, too, in this; and Meyerbeer, Verdi, and some others have a great deal to answer for, no doubt; but the real cause of the mischief lies in the total absence of all due training. The singers of old times — who lasted — had to sing constantly Mozart's music, and Mo-

zart, be it said, rarely writes commodiously for the voice; witness *Donna Anna*, and *Don Juan* himself, and the various parts of the *Zauberflöte*, and the *Vitellia* of the *Clemenza*, and the music of *Zerlina* and of *Cherubino*—to sing which properly ten years' practice would hardly be too much, they being, strictly speaking, violin, and not vocal music. Yet these parts were sung, and the singers lasted; but these singers were duly "trained."

Well, now I am coming to what regards the *Conservatoire* here. Singing is neglected in Italy, and there are no longer there any great schools for the vocal art. But here matters are far worse, for there is one. Worse than not being trained at all, the very little training singers get here is the very worst and most mischievous possible; and (except in here and there an instance, as with that admirably-gifted vocalist, Faure) the subjects who are sent forth from the *Conservatoire* are about the most pitiable of all; for the falsest principles are given them, and the teaching they have had has, in nine cases out of ten, worn them out before they arrive even at their *debut*. One great cause of the inferiority of French vocalists in general is the detestable system still adhered to of the *solfege*. Anything so completely absurd can hardly be conceived. The first requisite for good singing being a proper emission of the voice, and its clearest possible passage from the phonic cavities to the outward air, is it not insane to persist in closing a door and placing a barrier before that passage? Yet this, and nothing else, is achieved by the *solfege*. Whereas the vowel *a* is the only sound by the emission or enunciation whereof the voice can be properly formed, the French system condemns sound to come forth obstructed by the enunciation of a consonant, and forces the unfortunate vocalist to filter his voice through the syllables *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si*, instead of pouring its full stream naturally forth, through the medium of its natural sluice-gate, the vowel *a*. No consonant is natural to the voice; but neither are the vowels *e* or *i* or *o* or *u* (whichever way pronounced). The other vowels and all consonants are to be enunciated much later when, the instrument being made, it learns to put words upon notes. This is a subsequent and separate study, (ask Porpora and all the Masters). Well, the first obstacle opposed to good vocal teaching in the *Conservatoire* here is, then, the persistent adoption of the *solfege*. Now, about a fortnight since I chanced to see lying on the pianoforte of a lady friend of mine, a little modest looking volume, in 8vo., entitled "Abécédaire vocal; a preparatory method, teaching how to emit and place the voice, and how to vocalize." As I have made the musical art the object of good many year's study, I was strongly attracted towards the little book, and opened it. I was delighted at every line. The author, Panofka (a name well-known to all students of the vocal science), in a few words establishes the fact of the injury done to the education of the voice by the *solfege* system, and the absolute necessity of forming previously the sounds which are to be made to bear other vowels besides *a*, and any consonants. I then and there devoured the book, and was rejoiced to find that one man, at least, had at last been found to declare loudly the French system an impossible one, when to my unspeakable surprise, what should I discover?—that the *Conservatoire* itself had "authorized" the volume, had "recommended" it, and declared it "excellent" as "a preparation for the *solfege*!"

Now, if ever there was an instance of people adopting what is their own condemnation, this is one. The whole professorial class in this country knows only how to teach by use of the *solfege*; if that be once exploded, where will be the teachings of these gentlemen, the consequences whereof are more deplorably manifest with each succeeding day? That the volume I speak of is super-excellent—of that there can be no doubt; but that the *Conservatoire*, with its traditions, should adopt it, is what I cannot comprehend. What I had read however, made me anxious to read more of an author so deeply informed upon a theme where ignorance is now the universal

law. I accordingly procured a large folio volume entitled "*L'Art de Chanter*," and have with genuine delight read it through three times. At last, then, a real professor of the vocal art is to be found, reviving all the science of the old Italians, continuing their lessons, inventing, too, no little; for there are precepts and practices in this voluminous treatise of M. Panofka's for the "junction of the chest and head-registers of the voice," which are utterly new, and overcome what sometimes puzzled the doctors of other days. The "*Art de Chanter*" is a wonderful book, it is the work of a Master. The author, I am now assured, resided several years in London, and gave up, it seems, many years to the studies requisite for the composition of so valuable an addition to the musical literature of this age. One of the greatest theorists now living, one of the last genuine authorities upon these matters, Fétis, has, I am told, written something upon the work I speak of, and, as might be easily foreseen, has given it the meed of praise it merited, but which is doubled by the world-wide fame of the giver.

I do not apologize to your readers for so long a letter upon what some may call a "dry" subject, for I began by exclaiming, "Oh! for a musical Ruskin!" And I ask you whether any one would apologize to his readers, if he had suddenly fallen upon a yet unknown work of Ruskin's, and had been over-talkative upon it? This Panofka is a sort of Ruskin in the vocal art; and if I had the honor of his personal acquaintance, I would try and excite him to the preaching of a crusade against the heathens. Vocal art is becoming extinct, and at a time when fashion calls for a larger supply of professional vocalists every day. This is a false state of things, and one against which, whosoever loves music, or makes one of his pleasures out of the hearing of it, ought to lift his voice. That France should persist in her old absurd system should astonish no one. *Le Solfege* is a species of artistic "protection and prohibition." Its overthrow will be as difficult as the establishment of Free Trade.

The *Conservatoire* is as retrograde as everything else here; nevertheless, it has just now adopted what is the principle of a reform; and, like the society of old welcoming Beaumarchais, has welcomed its opponent.

#### Balfé's "Satanella."

Mr. Balfé is proverbial for his indifference to the merits or demerits of a *libretto*. To poets he is the most obliging and condescending of composers. Having undergone a severe course of Bunn, he might naturally be supposed to have qualified himself for overlooking any amount of librettorial inefficiency.

With all his amount of poetical apathy, nevertheless, it was to be wondered at that he did not shrink from the task of setting *Satanella* when it was presented to him. The new *libretto*, by Messrs. A. Harris and E. Falconer—poets of the *Rose of Castille*—is said to be taken from the once highly-popular ballet of *Le Diable Boiteux*—produced many years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, for Fanny Elssler—written by M. Burot de Gurgy. There is no similarity whatever between the two works, beyond the incidents of the devil attending on the hero, and the latter being implicated with three ladies. In *Le Diable Boiteux* the hero, Cleofas, after encountering the three dominos at the Opera ball, gets into a row, and, in making his escape from his pursuers, clammers into an attic studio belonging to a necromancer. He overhears some strange noise in the room, and, fancying it proceeds from the interior of a bottle, breaks it, whereupon out jumps Asmodeus, who has been imprisoned therein for ever so long a time by the arts of the magician. Asmodeus accompanies Cleofas through all his adventures with the three ladies, and finally persuades him to choose the most deserving. Here is a plain tale, and, allowing for the supernatural element, a perfectly consistent one. In *Satanella* there is no "concatenation accordingly." The *primum mobile* is not only supernatural, but every consequence arising from it is unnatural.

When the devil is evoked by Rupert, there is no logic in his being accompanied by a female fiend. Why does he come double? Could he not transact his own business single-handed? It was a shrewd thought of the poets, however, while everything else in the opera betrays the purely comic element, to make the arch-fiend, the prince of darkness, the, the—

"Oh, thou, whatever title suit thee,  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie"—

the only serious personage in the plot; a real hideous Apollyon, yelling, anathematizing enough to fright the soul out of Christian himself. Why did not the poets of the *Rose of Castille* transfer to their adaptation the fiend Asmodeus, a jolly, harmless, good-natured devil, full of fun and frolic, and with no more mischief or evil in him than becomes a born enemy of man? The crowning extravagance of the piece is the fact that the arch fiend, who is employed by the arch fiend to ensnare the soul of Rupert, repents at the end, becomes virtuous, and is taken up to heaven. It is due, however, to the poets of the *Rose of Castille*, to acknowledge that, although the dialogue is strangely diffuse, the versification and style in *Satanella* shows an improvement on their first production.

With such materials, what could Mr. Balfé do? Fortunately, he possesses his own abstract notions of the poetical, and does not too closely examine the details. He was, therefore, but little trammelled by incongruities, inconsistencies and impossibilities. He caught the leading idea, or, in lieu thereof, conceived one for himself, and sprinkled his gold-dust over the doubtful matter. The music, indeed, is worthy of the name of Mr. Balfé, although here and there he has found himself unable to grapple with the story or its treatment, and has failed to do his talent complete justice. The exceptions to the general excellence, nevertheless, are few and far between, and, taking it altogether, the opera may be pronounced one of the most successful of the composer.

The opening chorus, "Donor of this lordly *fête*," with dance, is animated and taking, and was admirably sung throughout. The first ballad, "Our hearts are not our own to give—sung by Miss Rebecca Isaacs in the character of Lelia—is after the old-fashioned pattern—almost stereotyped by Mr. Balfé—in which sentiment, putting on a melodious dress, assumes the form most likely to captivate the public. The gambling scene, in which Rupert is ruined by his betrothed, the Princess Stella—a startling incident, by the way—is bustling, but lacks variety and dramatic colouring. Moreover, it is strongly reminiscent of the famous play-scene in *Robert le Diable*, where Robert loses his whole fortune. The first encore was bestowed on the ballad by Karl (Mr. St. Albyn), "Oh would she but name the day," which is tuneful, and without the slightest pretension.

The duet following between Arimanes (Mr. Weiss) and Satanella (Miss Louisa Pyne), may be dismissed with the observation that Mr. Balfé does not seem to shine conspicuously in supernatural music, and, if he did, that the scene is hardly capable of being moulded to tuneful purposes. Mr. Harrison's first song, "The glorious vintage of Champagne," is certain to become popular, being exceedingly bold and catching, and written in the true bacchanalian vein. It was sung with immense spirit and energy, and unanimously endorsed. The next song—"The power of Love," sung by Satanella to Rupert in a dream—is the gem of the opera and cannot fail to obtain an equal celebrity with "When our lips" in the *Bohemian girl*, "The Convent Cell" in the *Rose of Castille*, or, indeed, with the most popular compositions of Mr. Balfé. It is eminently graceful and melodious, and, being sung to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, and was redemanded by the whole house.

The second act opens with what, we may suppose, was intended to be the grand *coup* of the opera, namely, a scene of the requisite form and proportions for Miss Louisa Pyne, containing a recitative, and *andante* and *allegro* movements. As this scene has been withdrawn, being too onerous for Miss Pyne, we may simply state, that it indicated Mr. Balfé's thorough knowledge of the Italian method of writing for the voices, and that the *andante* was given with great expression, and the *allegro* with almost unsurpassed brilliancy. The next ballad for Rupert, "An angel form in dreams behold," of the ultra-sentimental kind, is characterized by much sweetness and simplicity, and was awarded the fourth encore. This will be another special favorite. The concerted *morceau* in this scene, "Behold she's here," in which Satanella discloses to Rupert a means by which he may discover the truth or falsehood of Stella's protestations—namely, by using his "beaver" handwise or headwise—is highly dramatic and effective, and obtained a success similar to the "Ha, ha" scene in the *Rose of Castille*—to which, no doubt, the poets had an eager eye when they concocted it. Its extreme length and repetitions, however, were rather inimical to its thorough appreciation the first night. The scene has since been considerably abridged, and now goes infinitely smoother and better. The next scene opens with a chorus of pirates, "Rovers, rulers of the sea," which, though pleasing, is somewhat common-place. The solo with chorus, which immediately follows, sung by Mr. H. Corri, as chief of the pirates: "My brave companions," is felicitous both in idea and treatment, and



may be reckoned among the choice things in the opera. The ballad with recitative, "Let not the world disdain," another gem for the *prima donna*, and an undeniable candidate for popular favor, was given by Miss Louisa Pyne, with inimitable taste and the most refined delicacy. A slow cadence at the end, after the manner of that introduced into "The Convent Cell," was deliciously rendered. A chorus of male peasants, introductory to the nuptials of Rupert and Lelia (how that has been brought about the poets do not inform us) "Smile, oh, heaven," constituting a part song, as it were, is melodious and striking, and extremely well written for the voices. The accompaniment, however, is perhaps hardly in keeping with a gentle invocation. This was encoored with acclamations. The bridesmaids' chorus and dance, "To Hymen's love-crowned altar now," is pastoral in character, and very pretty, and leads to the finale, which is worked out with spirit, if not with power.

Act the third opens with a diablerie scene in the hall or cavern of Arimanes, containing an invisible chorus, "Upward from the nether world," and duet for Arimanes and Satanella, "Tho' the angry bolt has sped." As we have said above, Mr. Balfe has not entire command of his resources, when he is in the world of spirits. Give him only *terra firma*, or a well-built brig at sea, and no composer can go to his work with greater zeal and determination. This infernal music, in fact, should never have been written—never composed—never allowed to be sung. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss did their utmost to render it effective; but the devil himself, and his imp, could do nothing for it. From the lower regions to Tunis is but a short step. The comic scene in which Hortensius (Mr. George Honey), Rupert's tutor, and Carl (Mr. St. Albyn), the old lover of Lelia, are about to cudgel each other at the instigation of the pirate, dramatically speaking, is better suited for a burlesque than an opera, but, musically considered, is exceedingly clever. A chorus and dance, "Merry Tunis," a merry tune is, and leads to the best concerted *morceau* in the opera. The bustle and stir of the slave market is capitally exemplified and skillfully treated. A quintet, "Oh, woe! despair," was so attractive and so admirably sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Harrison, Mr. St. Albyn, and Mr. Corri, as narrowly to escape an encore. The air which Satanella sings, "Sultana Zulema," in order to fascinate the Vizier, is full of character and simple beauty. Still more attractive is the air, "Would'st thou win me," with tenor accompaniment, with which Satanella brings the Vizier to her feet. Both were delightfully warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne, who, up to this moment, it will be acknowledged, had executed considerably more than a *prima donna's* average share of the music. Nothing daunted, however, and apparently not in the least fatigued, the fair artist attacked the bravura, with which the act terminates, "Old man, thyself deceiving," and brought down the drop scene amid a hurricane of applause.

The fourth act is the weakest. With the exception of a serenade for chorus, "Haste, lovers, haste," and a ballad for Rupert—another effusion of sentiment for Mr. Harrison, but extremely taking withal—the act is devoted to a long and not particularly interesting trio, which forcibly recalls the last situations in *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*, in which the multiplicity of the incidents is only surpassed by the impossibility of the motives. Suffice it, that Satanella repents of being a doomed sojourner in Hades, and accepts a rosary from Lelia, with which she keeps at bay "auld Clootie" and his minions, who come to take her home, and is straight wafted up to the skies, to the utter discomfiture of the father of all evil.

A few words must serve to chronicle the success of the opera, which was triumphant from first to last. At the end of the first act, Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Balfe were recalled. A similar compliment was paid them at the end of the third act and the fall of the curtain. On the last occasion the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18, 1859.—ROBERT GOLDBECK has just started a new system of class teaching, after the style of the *Conservatoire de Paris*. He designs having three separate classes, the first of which, shall perform the works of such masters as Listz, Chopin, &c. He intends to give at the end of every quarter a concert in which the pupils, assisted by professional vocalists, shall take part. A certain tenor singer, (well known in Boston,) has taken exception to his plan, and blames him for allotting to the members of his third and lowest class the accompanying

of the vocalists—for accompaniment, he says is an art of which not more than a dozen players in New York are masters.

To judge from many specimens of accompanying that may be heard at concerts in this city, this remark is not far from the truth. I don't mean to say that the accompanists always lose their place, or commit any decided blunders, but they are generally fearfully mechanical and automatic in their performances. I have rarely heard a German who could accompany better than a street organ. The German musician may be very wise, and overflowing with Bach, and gushing over with Gluck, and gorged with Beethoven, and actually choking with Mendelssohn, but he is generally no more able to accompany elegantly, than is the elephant to leap gracefully from tree to tree.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON is one of the few good accompanists I have heard. He at once appreciates the composers meaning. HENRY C. TIMM is first class—in every respect, a model accompanist, but sometimes too nonchalant and careless. THEODORE EISEL is much the same in style.

Talking about Arthur Napoleon reminds me that the little pianist—little only in size and age—gives his farewell concert on Friday, previous to starting for Albany, Troy, Hartford, and Boston. Last Sunday evening he presided, by invitation of the organist of the church, at the organ at Dr. Chapin's, in Broadway, and though the organ is not his instrument, he exhibited great skill in his performance. At this church they have adopted the system of congregational music, the children of the Sunday school taking the lead. They are carefully drilled every Saturday, learning the rudiments of music under the tuition of an able teacher. As the congregation is very large, and as they join in freely, the singing of such fine old tunes as "Old Hundred," "Dundee," &c., has a noble effect.

In a previous letter I gave an account of the FERNI Sisters, the Italian violinists, and told how a rich nobleman wanted to marry one of them, and blew his brains out into her lap because she refused. Now this was a very pretty, touching story, and bordered on the horrible; it therefore irks me to retract and inform you that the report was all a humbug, and that the sisters themselves deny its truth, and that the cautious and wary "Trovatore" was decidedly sold. But what says the Owl Book? I refer you to Paragraph XXXV, page 642.

However, the Ferni sisters are really in trouble now. They have a cherished young sister, who has also great musical talent, though she has not appeared in public. A few weeks ago, this sister visited Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, and in alighting from the rail-car, dropped a violin box. As she stooped to pick it up, the car started, and a wheel passed directly over her right arm, of course breaking it, and preventing the poor girl from pursuing her musical education.

Dear old Lausanne. What a glorious place it is! Situated near the head of Lake Geneva, amid most sublime scenery, with the Alps almost encircling it, there are few places surrounded with greater natural advantages.

It is free, republican, lively, and Protestant. There is a noble Cathedral overlooking the town, and near the Cathedral stands a castle, and a groupe of old houses surrounded by what was once a ditch, and is now a street. But the city itself stretched far beyond these limits. A mile to the rear is a mountain peak, a sort of public haunt, whence you can see far off into Savoy, and gaze down upon Lausanne, and even catch a distant glimpse of Geneva. And then a little walk in another direction will lead you to the home of Rousseau, now occupied by an Englishman—and for a quarter you can take the little steamboat to Villeneuve, and so visit Chillon, and see the dungeon where Bonivard was confined, and walk about the

"Seven pillars of Gothic mould.  
In Chillon's dungeon, dark and old."

where Byron's "Prisoner" passed his dreary life. Then, if so disposed, a couple of days journey will take you to the Pass of St. Bernard. But we will go no farther than Chillon at present. TROVATORE.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25, 1859.—ARTHUR NAPOLEON gave his farewell concert on Friday night, at Niblo's Saloon, but owing to a fearful storm, there were but about a hundred there, and the majority of these, belonging to that excellent class of people who should have inscribed upon their brows the explanatory words "CAPUT MORTUUM."

Of course the concert did not pay, though it was an excellent one, and Miss ANNA VAIL, a brilliant, noisy singer, with a rich, well cultivated voice, sang some opera selections. Miss CECILIA FLORES, a young lady of this city, who has recently returned from Europe, where she studied with Persiani, also took part. She sings sweetly, but lacks power. Arthur Napoleon played beautifully, as he always does, especially in a new Fantasia written by himself, on themes from the *Huguenots*. He has given five concerts here, four of which have been accompanied by violent storms of rain. Mr. Napoleon *père* says he has decided to visit New York again during some fearful summer drouth, and advertise a concert. It will be sure to draw rain if it does not draw an audience. Last night Arthur gave a concert in Albany, and is proceeding to Hartford and Boston.

The Mendelssohn Union had a meeting the other evening and put it to vote whether they should bring out STOEPEL'S "Hiawatha" music. Some old fogeys said "No! no!" but the majority were in favor, and so the society will go right to work at it. They will devote extra evenings to its rehearsals, and want to produce it on the 10th of February. I suppose Mrs. Stoepele will do the reading.

CARL BERGMANN is giving orchestral concerts every other Sunday evening, with fair success. This is an experiment that has been tried before, and depends for its success upon our German residents, as few of our American citizens will go to a concert on Sunday evening.

There are occasional charity concerts, of mediocre musical attractions, but they do not amount to much—Mr. APTOMMAS, the best harpist in the country, gives a *matinée* on Thursday, where he will allow the audience to select from his large repertoire.

TROVATORE.

HARTFORD, CONN., JAN. 23.—I wonder why my "Dwight" did not come yesterday! I have missed it much to-day—the Berlin articles, the New York correspondence, &c., which I read with the liveliest pleasure. It is with receiving a newspaper regularly as it is with one's dinner;—when you make up your mind that you are to have it at a certain time, and it is not forthcoming, you are at once disappointed and aggravated—apt to say things which you would not say under any other circumstances. So it was with myself yesterday,—after going to the Post-office two or three times, up to a late hour in the evening, and not finding my Dwight,—nor has it yet made its appearance.

There has been a dearth of concerts for some time past—not a solitary instance since I last wrote. The only thing which has partaken of the nature of a concert was a *musical* gotten up by one of the best, if not the best, of our lady pianists, assisted by Mr. ALBERT WOELTZE, of New York. I am sorry to say that I was unable to be present. The programme was of the first order, the piano-forte selections being made up from the works of Kontski, Heller, Thalberg, Chopin, &c., with one or two compositions by Mr. WOELTZE. The vocal portion was composed of one or two selections from "Les Huguenots," "Il Bravo," &c. Mrs. CLARE HOYT PRESTON, was the principal lady singer—in fact, the only one, and her performances were highly spoken of, as might be expected. Messrs. WANDER, MAERKLEIN and GUNDLACH also acquitted themselves finely, as I learn from the best judges who were present.

All the high board fences about town are heralding the advent of the boy pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON

— a fine sounding name, and one which looks well in print, especially on the big, black posters which stare you in the face at every corner. I have a great desire to hear this prodigy, because I have an idea that he is really an artist — not only that, but a true musician. These prodigies usually spring up like mushrooms, and as suddenly disappear; their little heads burning out, like an over-heated stove, long before they arrive at manhood, and that is the end of them. I recollect of RUBINSTEIN's telling us one night in Leipzig how he, ten years before, made his *début* in London with ten other prodigies, all equally good and astonishing performers on the piano-forte, and of that number he knew of only one who had retained his fame, and that was ALFRED JAELL! Of course he might have consistently added his own name, for of all the most wonderful and astonishing players I have ever heard, Anton Rubinstein takes the precedence. He has lately been appointed, I notice, "chief-musician" to the Court of St. Petersburg. ARTHUR NAPOLEON was giving brilliant concerts in all the large cities of Europe four years ago, and the brilliancy of his career has not seemed to diminish. I understand that after his American tour he will return to Europe to perfect himself in composition.

The "Beethoven Society" are still at work getting up the "Seven Sleepers," by Loewe, and will probably bring them out, when fully awakened, some time this winter. The "clerk of the weather," however, as seemed desirous to throw cold water upon the rehearsals for he has tipped his watering-pots bottom side upwards on almost every Friday evening, for one or two months past, thereby deterring a great number of singers from attending, as they would wish. Several other matters I had intended to write about, but I must desist. H.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 29, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, by FRANK SCHUBERT.

### Annual Meeting of the Harvard Musical Association.

The return of this interesting anniversary was welcomed with unusual eagerness on the evening of Monday, the 17th inst., by all the members within hail. Indeed, the memory of the occasion in past years had grown so pleasant, and the report thereof so tempting, that no one kept away who could by any possibility be present. We met, as usual, in the sumptuous parlors of the Revere House, where there was nothing wanting, except fresh flowers (kept back perhaps for another festival the next night), to make the good cheer and æsthetic sentiment of the symposium perfect. Considering the filial relation in which this Journal stands to the Association, how generally read among its members, and how large an influence, direct or indirect, those members have of late years exercised in the musical movement of this neighborhood, it becomes us to make some record of those delightful hours, although of course it is impossible to seize and fix the life and sparkle of what was in its nature so impromptu. We can only briefly note what was done in the way of business, and add some few reminders of the supper table, which will be valued by those at least who were there, and possibly tantalize a little those who were not. But first, for the information of the uninitiated, let us briefly state what the Harvard Musical Association is, by recalling a paragraph from our last year's report.

The H. M. A. grew out of a little musical club of undergraduates at Harvard University, called the "Pierian Sodality." It was formed in 1837, on Commencement day, and was at first a union of actual and past "Pierians." The objects were partly social, partly practical. It was hoped that such a union would lead to a fuller recognition of Music among the branches of a liberal culture in the University; that funds might be raised in course of time for the foundation of a musical Professorship; that a Musical Library might be collected; but above all, that the mere association of educated men in such a cause would tend to rise the general respect for Music, at that time not by any means profound or hearty. The Professorship is still in the future, though Alma Mater has done something, has employed a teacher of singing in the College walls. The Library has become a notable and solid fact, as we shall see. But the chief fruits of the union are found in the social impulse which it has given to musical culture in the highest sense. Confined chiefly in its memberships to graduates, it has also added to its numbers not a few other gentlemen of musical, literary and artistic culture, and now combines a weight of character which cannot but have influence. By the exertions of its members our noble Boston Music Hall became a fact; in them this Journal of Music found its first encouragement; the first Chamber (Quartet) Concerts were given in Boston under their auspices; and constantly suggestions spring up at its meetings which lead to public action.

The hours from 7 to 9 P. M. were devoted to business. Reports of the Directors, the Treasurer and the Librarian, showed that the bantling had reached the age of manhood (twenty-one years), sound and vigorous and bidding fair to be a useful member of society, and ever mindful of his Alma Mater. Several new members were voted in, and the officers of the past year were re-elected, to wit:

President, H. W. Pickering.  
Vice President, J. S. Dwight.  
Cor. Secretary, Dr. J. B. Upham.  
Rec. Secretary, Henry Ware.  
Treasurer, J. P. Putnam.  
Directors at large, } Dr. F. E. Oliver.  
C. F. Shimmis.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to our brother WARE, to whose unwearied care, discretion and good taste, the improvement of the Library for several years has been particularly due. And here we will insert, as a document likely to interest the friends of music generally, the

### Librarian's Report.

Since the last meeting of the association, the proposed arrangement with the Boston Athenæum, to which reference was made in my last Report, has been carried into effect, and now at last this Library, which for more than twenty years has been passed from hand to hand among those who were willing to shelter and care for it, exposed to many perils of fire, water and thieves, has found a secure resting place and constant oversight and care in an alcove of the Athenæum in Beacon street. \* \* \* The books have been arranged as conveniently as possible, in relation to their subjects, upon the shelves of the alcove assigned to us which in a few years, they will completely fill; they have been catalogued by shelves, and each volume properly numbered, so that each has its proper and permanent place. A complete card catalogue has also been prepared, giving the full title and description of every volume in the Library, and a copy of the printed catalogue has also been renumbered, which will be found at the Librarian's desk, and may be consulted for the purpose of finding any particular work. \* \* \*

The removal has also required a considerable outlay for binding, partly for the preservation of the books, and partly that their appearance should not discredit the general character of the books upon the shelves of the Athenæum Library. They are now in quite good order, but the somewhat hard usage that is inevitably given to all volumes of music, will in the future demand a somewhat larger outlay for binding,

than we have formerly expended. The works of Mendelssohn are still in sheets, and I have not thought proper to remove them from my own custody until they shall be as far as their nature permits, well bound. A good deal of the imported music, scores, operas, &c, comes in paper binding, and comes to pieces the first time it is opened, and thus requires immediate and careful binding. The entire number of bound volumes is now about seven hundred.

The books are accessible at all times to the members of the Harvard Musical Association, whether proprietors of the Athenæum, or not, under the same general regulations as heretofore. They will be received and delivered, and charged by the Athenæum Librarians in a separate book, in the same manner with the books of that Library. They are also open for consultation by persons entitled to the privileges of the Athenæum, but can be taken out by our own members only. It will of course be absolutely necessary that the rules for the use of books should be observed with strictness, under the present arrangement, which is incompatible with the looser system that may be permitted when the books are constantly more or less under the eye of an individual; and all members using the books will confer a favor by replacing them carefully in the places where they belong.

A list of the additions of the last year has been printed (see below) and is here for distribution. With this and the similar list of last year, our printed catalogue is complete. \* \* \*

In former years the Library was indebted very largely to the donations of individual members for its increase, the number of volumes purchased being a very small proportion to those given by individuals. Of late years but very little has been done in this way, and I again bring the matter to the attention of the Association, as many members undoubtedly have what they could well and gladly spare, to be placed upon the shelves. The Library appropriation is expended mainly upon such works as are comparatively rare or costly, and not in the possession of individuals.

We have been indebted for six years to Mr. Nathan Richardson, for the yearly publications of the "Bachgesellschaft," of Leipzig, and we have now assumed the subscription which he has given up and shall for the future be enrolled among the subscribers to this great work. \* \* \*

In giving up the immediate charge of the Library, which has been under my care since 1857, I should acknowledge the pleasant intercourse and acquaintance which I should not probably otherwise have enjoyed, with very many members of our fraternity, and should congratulate them on the freer access that they can now have to our books, and on the good care that they will receive in their present resting place, where they will doubtless remain till, in some future time, they may possibly be given to the charge of our Alma Mater for the benefit of the Harvard Professor of Music.

The following appropriate *Resolutions* were then offered by Mr. Ware, in relation to the death of our much esteemed associate, FRANCIS LOWELL BATCHELDER, of Cambridge:

*Whereas* since the last meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, the hand of Death has taken from us one who had been closely identified with its interests and its pleasures;

*Resolved*, That we hold very dear to our hearts the memory of FRANCIS LOWELL BATCHELDER; that we recall with pleasure the recollection of his singularly pure and lovely Christian life and conversation; that we esteem it a privilege to have known and loved one who was in every way so worthy of affection and esteem, and that here especially and on this Anniversary which brings to mind the pleasant recollections of college days and college friends, we shall long recall to memory the face, the presence, and the conversation of him who has gone from among us.



*Resolved.* That we tender to his family our sincere sympathy for the irreparable loss that they have sustained and rejoice with them in the painless recollections of his blameless life and character, and that these Resolves be transmitted to them and entered upon the Records of the Association.

Before the Resolutions were passed, Dr. J. B. Upham spoke as follows:

It is with much hesitation, Mr. President, after the beautiful and touching tribute just rendered to the memory of our departed brother, that I rise and attempt to add a single word. But the relations sustained between Batchelder and myself were such and so intimate, while he was living, that I cannot refrain from giving some expression to my sorrow at his early death.

As is known to most present, he was, for many years, a member of this Association; and, whether in the capacity of private fellowship, or as one of its most faithful and efficient officers, he had always its best interests at heart. It was here and in this connection, as, likewise, in his capacity as clerk of the Boston Music-Hall Association, where he performed his duty most faithfully and assiduously, that my acquaintance with him began; an acquaintance always coupled with esteem and respect; which soon ripened into friendship and ultimately into intimacy and the strongest attachment. More particularly, during the last two years of his life, were we drawn together by the bond of sympathy in a common object and topic of interest—having relation, I mean, to that noble structure—the embodiment both of science and of art—the *Organ* which was his favorite instrument.

I have now in my possession, a ruler made from one of the keys of the old organ in Christ Church, in Cambridge, where our friend was accustomed to worship, and where he often officiated as organist in the three or four years preceding his death. This relic he gave me on the morning of my departure for Europe, a couple of years ago. The instrument from which it was taken, was, in itself, a curiosity, and in its day a valuable work—some of the incidents of whose history are most interesting and remarkable; it having been built so early as about the year 1760, by the famous John Snetzler, of London, robbed in the Revolutionary war, by the besieging army under Washington, of its six leaden stops (which were then put to a more practical use,) and taken down and exchanged for the present instrument some dozen or fifteen years since—an event (this last) over which Batchelder, in his gentle and refined taste, never ceased to mourn. I mention this anecdote, Mr. President, otherwise irrelevant, perhaps, at the present time, as indicating, in some sort, the appreciative and artistic tone which pervaded our friend's nature. And this it was, I can add my testimony, which characterized his whole life; a spirit of gentleness, and refinement and kindness and goodness of heart; a love for the picturesque and beautiful in Nature, and for Art in all its forms,—for *Music* especially. Add to this a cultivated mind, a well stored intellect, urbanity and affability of manner and of conversation, and do we wonder it has been said of him—he *never had an enemy, he never lost a friend?*

Mr. Batchelder was by no means demonstrative of his talents or his acquirements. His voice was rarely heard in our meetings, though no one was more constant and punctual in his attendance. So it was elsewhere, whether in the business, the duties, the rational enjoyments of life. He did much, he said little. But by a certain something, more easily felt than described, one could not be with him much without acknowledging his excellence and his moral worth. And if we could see, as some believe it will be in our power one day to see, the shadows imprinted on the surrounding objects with which we come into proximity in our daily life—both publicly and in retirement—daguerreotypes, photographed as it were, we should read all around I am sure, in his case, the record of a beautiful and blameless life.

The last time I saw our lamented brother in health was on the occasion to which I have alluded. On my return home, a few months afterwards, he had gone South, to escape the severities of our New England spring. After a few months sojourn, he came back, and I visited him (in company with my friend, Dr. Derby,) at his quiet home in Cambridge. We found him cheerful and happy, and full of hopes of recovery;—for his disease, as you all know, was that mysterious and insidious, one which so simulates health, and steals onward so gradually in its fatal march, and is so almost invariably accompanied by courage and fortitude, and the persistent hoping against hope, that when its end comes, which is death, it appears sudden and surprising; thus, on the occasion of this visit, with our friend and brother; he was himself, as I have said, buoyant and hopeful; to us, however, his doom even then was plainly written in the lineaments of his face. We bade him farewell with well assumed cheerfulness, but with sorrowing hearts, feeling, *knowing* it to be for the last time.

He went a second time to Florida—like the Ponce de Leon, and innumerable multitudes since, in vain search after the fountain of life—where, in a couple of months, he died—in such manner and with such surroundings as, it seems to me, most fitting he should die, and as he himself, I believe, could most have desired;—in the genial air of Florida, near the coast, not without the presence of relatives and sympathizing friends—the winds blowing on him incense from the breathing pines inland, and the voice of the sea which he so much loved speaking to him from the shore—and, floating all around him, the melody with which that delicious climate seems laden, in all seasons, summer and winter, in the day and in the night, throughout animal and vegetable life—where, as some poet has beautifully expressed it, even

“The mute still air  
Is music slumbering on her instrument.”

Thus he died—died as he had lived, patient and uncomplaining to the last; calm and happy, and peaceful and resigned; still trusting in God; in the exercise of a Christian faith, and in full hopes of a glorious immortality.

At 9 o'clock the folding doors were opened, and disclosed a table spread with nectar and ambrosia, and adorned with emblematic figures, fit to grace a banquet of sons of Apollo—a table so formidably grown in length since last year (between forty and fifty guests sitting down), that it needed such electric wires of song, speech, poetry, and winged wit, as were there in abundance, to bring us near enough together. Mr. President took the head, with distinguished guests on either hand, on whom he evidently had designs. There was Longfellow, with the poetic, genial presence, eloquent as words, and there was the “Autocrat,” and there was Fields, and Prof. S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth, and Hillard, and many more choice spirits, a sure warrant that the “feast of reason” should not fail. The singing “mediums” had concentrated themselves at the lower end, near that galvanic battery of tones, a Chickering “grand,” at which brother Willcox presided—determined all to make up by the warmth of song for such remoteness from the sunshine of the Presidential countenance. While all yet stood, the old English canon “*Non Nobis, Domine*,” was sung. A short hour was spent in cheerful discussion of the good things furnished by mine host of the Revere. Then a toast to “our Association,” and the practised eye of Mr. President, who also is an Autocrat on such occasions, and yet as suave and beaming with good fellowship as he is full of tact and ever ready, began to glance ominously along both sides of the table reading the secrets of the guilty; but we all knew where his lightning would first strike; for had not brother HILLARD arrived after all, when we were fearing that we should be deprived of that musical eloquence of his which always set the ball in motion—a little late, but

evidently so glad to be with us, that his spontaneous little speech was as inspiring as Champagne. Vain, therefore, to arrest its sparkle, to give the manner and the life of it; but this was his text.

Mr. Hillard remarked that he had been unwell during the day, and at one time had determined not to come to the meeting; but he had reconsidered his determination, and was very glad of it. To find himself among his friends of the Association, to see their animated faces, to receive their cordial greetings, had had a restorative influence upon him; he had felt himself growing better from the moment he came into the hall. He advised his medical friends present to prescribe a visit to the Harvard Musical Association in certain forms of illness. He had attended many anniversaries of the Association, and beyond all question or controversy he was not so young as when he began to attend them. But somehow or other, he could not tell how it happened, the moment he found himself among his friends of the Harvard Musical Association, his years dropped away, and he felt like a boy once more. They must keep a fountain of youth somewhere on their premises. He could not make a set speech—he could only speak right on, a few words warm from the heart; and he was glad that he did not hear that foe to all spontaneous utterance—the scratch of the reporter's pen. He concluded with an earnest invocation of prosperity to the club and happiness to its members.

Dr. HOLMES of course was not the man to shrink when our President's eye fell on him. The muse had favored him; she always does. There was a tear too in his voice. Music and Harvard carried the poet's thoughts back to the old gable-roofed house, his Cambridge home, and he sang in verses musical and sweet the “Opening of the Piano,” the new Clementi brought from London, and how “we children” crowded round the marvellous box, how “Mary” played on it, restoring quiet, and so on. It was a strain right from the heart; and as the voice ceased its tremulous music, a shadowy hand—of the “Professor”—reached from behind his chair and snatched the verses, so that we have them not; doubtless said Professor will return them some bright morning at that “breakfast table” of us all; but those who only read by day will envy us who heard by night. So too the FIELDS, though it was winter all without, grew musical as birds and running brooks, there in our charmed inner world; a witty, merry strain ran gurgling thence; but vainly sought we to entice the coy and laughing stream into these printed and prosaic channels. Wanting those two poems, where is the life, the two eyes, of our supper portrait!

We have no room nor power to tell what ringing glees were sung, what sentimental part-songs; or what speeches, grave, enthusiastic, humorous, and happy repartees, sprang up spontaneously and made short hours till morning, amid that genial company of doctors, lawyers, poets, artists, merchants, legislators, professors, &c. Some took the shape of practical suggestions and led to immediate action. Thus, counting up the rich and telling voices that there were among us, it was resolved to organize a Maennerchor or Glee Club within the Association, who should keep in tuneful practice for future occasions of this kind. Mention being made of the ill health and proposed journey to the South of that excellent and esteemed young artist, Mr. TRENKLE, and of the complimentary concert to be offered to him by his brother artists, the warmest sympathy was expressed and a committee of ten gentlemen then and there appointed to lend the aid of the Association to this project of the artists. Upon that committee the choir named Messrs. J. S. Dwight, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, James Sturgis, E. D. Brigham, Dr. J. B. Upham, Judge J. P. Putnam, Henry Ware, F. H. Underwood, George Hews and Eben Dale.

The elegant remarks of Prof. BROWNE, and other good things, some of which did not even find room at the table, shall have room in our next. For the present we must end with showing how the Chair led up the "Judge" and made him play upon the organ, and how well he played when once upon his pedals.

The President then called on the Treasurer of the Association, Mr. PUTNAM, to give some account of the new organ now building in Germany, for the Boston Music Hall, which he had seen during the past summer.

Mr. Putnam said that he arose under great embarrassment, for the President had completely deprived him of the opportunity of making the speech he had prepared. For four successive years he had been called upon, at these Annual Suppers, to make "a few remarks" in response to the sentiment of "Old Put." Whether there was anything in his appearance which reminded the President of that worthy gentleman, or whether the President supposed that because he bore the name of Putnam he must necessarily be one of his descendants he knew not. He was reminded of the story told of a criminal who had been successfully defended by the eloquence of a celebrated lawyer. After the acquittal, his friend said to him, "Now tell us, honor bright, did you steal that horse?" to which the other responded, "Well, I always thought that I *did* steal it, but since lawyer A.'s plea, I begin to think I *didn't*."

And so with him, the President had complimented him with that same toast so often, that he began to think, spite of his convictions to the contrary, that he was either a son or grandson of that distinguished gentleman; and so he had been "posting himself up" on his family history, and anticipating that he might be called upon this evening, in the usual manner, he had prepared himself with sundry anecdotes and scraps of history which it had been his purpose to inflict upon his hearers. He was prepared to prove that Gen. Putnam commanded at Bunker Hill, and that he led the choir in his native village, so that he had some claims to being remembered in this association. He reminded his hearers also, that by a singular coincidence this was the birthday-eve of "Old Put," that is, if he had lived until the morrow, he would have been just 141 years old.

He was happy, however, to see that the President had this evening "struck a new vein," and so his friends would be relieved for the present at least from the inflictions he had purposed to put upon them. He was thankful, for another reason, for the President had given him an opportunity to show that he himself had a fair claim to membership in this Musical Association. He had always insisted that he had no right to be there, except upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle; for though his passion for music was great, he professed to have no great scientific knowledge of the subject; but now he was called upon to *play upon the organ*. Well, he could say a few words about it, and it gave him great pleasure to say to his friends, that during the past summer, feeling a deep interest in that work, and at the request of his friend, Dr. Upham, whom we all recognized as the "head and front" of the organ, he took letters of introduction to Dr. Hopkins, the organist of Temple church, London, who had taken a great interest in the building of this organ, and also to Mr. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, in Germany, the builder of the instrument. And here he would say *en passant*, that if any of his friends should find themselves detained in London, over Sunday, they would hear at the Temple Church some of the finest church music to be found in that city. Upon reaching Ludwigsburg, which is near Stuttgart, he found it a quiet, retired place, with about 7000 inhabitants and 4000 soldiers, to keep them in order. This did not seem to argue great *harmony* in the place, but he found it was formerly a place of some

importance, and that the soldiers were rather kept there for sake of appearances, than because the inhabitants were particularly revolutionary in their feelings. He found Mr. Walcker a highly intelligent German, a man of note in the place, and of the highest respectability, and character, and he could assure the gentlemen subscribers to the organ fund, that their interests in this particular, could not be in the keeping of a more upright and honorable man. Mr. Walcker expressed his great delight at seeing him, and Mr. P. said that he fully and duly impressed Mr. Walcker with a proper idea of Boston, and its citizens, and in particular with the character of its musical public. He informed him that "Boston State House was the hub of the social system," an idea which the honest German, owing probably to some *organic* defect in his mind, did not, at first, seem fully to comprehend, but which he, Mr. P. put to him in two or three different ways, so that he finally seemed to yield to the proposition, for he begged him to assure his friends in Boston, with a grip of the hand which *told*, that they should have an organ, which, with but possibly two exceptions, would be the largest ever built, and equal to any of them in quality. Mr. Putnam visited the manufactory, in company with Mr. Walcker, and then saw what he would call the "*organic remains*" of the instrument, did not that remark seem to imply that it had already been once completed. He would rather call them the "*dissected membra*," (that was classical) of the organ; here a pipe, there some other portions scattered about. He was not "let down" into one of the pipes as his friend, Dr. Upham was into one of the pipes of the organ at Ulm, as into a deep well, but he would warn them that if the noise the pipes make, is proportionate to their size, the citizens of Boston, he feared, would imagine themselves living in the midst of a perpetual *thunder storm*.

Mr. Walcker had just completed a fine instrument for the cathedral of Ludwigsburg, which he had generously given to it, and he, Mr. P. had the pleasure of listening to it. He had also just finished a very superior instrument for the cathedral at Ulm, which he wished much that Mr. P. should see and hear, it being one of the finest organs in the world. Mr. P. went to Ulm, and passed some time in hearing, what he described as the finest organ which he heard in Europe, and he had the opportunity of hearing many. He said that he never before fully understood what that noble instrument was, or felt its true inspiration until, at Ulm, he stood beneath the solemn arches of that grand old cathedral, (one of the six finest cathedrals in all Germany) and listened to that wonderful organ. He begged to assure gentlemen, that if Mr. Walcker furnished us an instrument at all comparable to that at Ulm, we should have one of which Boston and the country might well be proud. Mr. Putnam begged pardon for detaining them so long, but begged to be considered now as having some claims to membership, because he had "played upon that organ."

#### The "Hiawatha" Music again.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal:

Dear Sir: It is so seldom that I fail to recognize the justice and fairness of all that appears in your editorial columns, that I am sure you will permit me to recall your attention to some remarks respecting Mr. Robert Stæpel's "Hiawatha," which appeared in the *Journal* of last week, and in which I find a departure from the candor which I always look for from you. You speak handsomely of the work, and give the composer much credit; not so much as I believe he deserves, but enough to prevent me from making any allusion to your criticism, had it been merely upon a question of taste. It is some matters of fact which you have not sufficiently considered, that I desire to speak about; and even concerning these I should have remained silent, but for your endeavor, while uttering your own opinion, to throw discredit upon that of others, who, not without care and thought, have placed a higher estimate upon Mr. Stæpel's composition than you appear inclined to do.

The remarks to which I refer, are contained in the following extract from the *Journal*, (Jan. 15.)

The testimony of the great majority of those who

heard the work is much more warm, in many instances amounting to enthusiasm, and in some cases to the most desperate extravagance of praise. Newspaper critics riot in superlatives, as if they had discovered a new Shakspeare. They talk of its marking "an era in our musical history"; of "his *infinite* resources of counterpoint and imitation" (more could not be said of Bach or Handel); of "imaginative and creative genius of the highest order" (what is there left to say of Beethoven or Mozart?); of having "found no instrumental writing finer than this of Mr. Stæpel's," and more *ad nauseam*. Let us, at least, avoid all such extravagance. Better for the artist that his work fail to meet due recognition all at once, or for a long time, than that it go forth coupled from the first with such pretensions. Never was any Beethoven or Mendelssohn, in countries where they *do* appreciate such efforts, greeted on a first production in such terms. The title to such epithets can only be established in the course of time.

Of the four quotations from notices by "newspaper critics," which you introduce, I have seen only one — the last, referring to Mr. Stæpel's instrumentation. I do not doubt, however, that they are correct, although the one which I recognize is not fairly printed in your paper, an italicism (1) having been introduced, which needlessly intensifies the opinion, with a view, of course, to render the contrast between it and your own more marked. But assuming the quotations, let me ask what there is in them that indicates the desperate and nauseating extravagance of which you complain? First, "Hiawatha" is said to mark "an era in our musical history." You will hardly deny that of all musical works originally produced in this country, Mr. Stæpel's is so incomparably the best that no other can be named with it. Hence it is right to assert that when such a composition, claiming comparison with those of acknowledged European masters, is written and first performed in America, an event which has never before occurred, an era (2) in our musical history is marked. Second, Mr. Stæpel's "*infinite* resources of counterpoint" are spoken of — (it may be supposed that here, again, the word "infinite" is forced beyond its meaning by an italicism which the original writer did not employ) — to his praise. (3) I can only say that so far as this subject demands them, the composer's resources of counterpoint are without limit. In "Hiawatha" you will find on examination some contrapuntal writing which is perfect in its way; and sufficient to show how much farther the composer could have gone, had he chosen. By your allusion to Bach and Handel, who were masters of the fugue and little else besides, it may be supposed that you reject this claim of contrapuntal learning on the part of Mr. Stæpel, because no fugues are found in "Hiawatha." Their absence is rather to be set down to his credit, since such effects would be wholly out of place in a piece of this character. I believe it is correct to suppose that the declaration of Mr. Stæpel's resources of counterpoint are intended to apply solely to their employment in "Hiawatha," and as such discover nothing desperate or nauseating in it. If I thought they had any reference outside of "Hiawatha," I too would go beyond the record, and convince you that the composer has produced fugues as correct and learned as any by the masters you have mentioned, by sending you one or two for publication. As it is, I would prefer to confine myself to the consideration of "Hiawatha" only. Third, Mr. Stæpel is said to possess "imaginative and creative genius (4) of the highest order," which you object to, because more cannot be said of Beethoven or Mozart. If I understand the term aright, in this connection, Mozart's



"imaginative genius" cannot be called of the highest order. He was so deficient in imagination that his music very often fails to express the meaning of the words to which it is applied, and sometimes exhibits an entirely opposite spirit; which, after all, does not interfere seriously with his claim to be considered the greatest composer of his age, and, in some respects, the greatest of all time. Beethoven's "imaginative genius" assuredly was of the highest order, but it does not appear that either of these composers attempted to illustrate a subject of such new and extreme difficulty as the one which Mr. Stöpel has chosen, and I very much doubt whether either would have succeeded better, in the specially characteristic portions of the music. Mr. Stöpel's means were unprecedentedly limited and unpliant; observe what he has effected with them. His extraordinary power of idealization, and, at the same time, preservation of the true spirit, of his theme, is what constitutes his claim to imaginative genius of the highest order. The assumption of the highest creative genius, I admit, in this case, too much. Mr. Stöpel has not shown it; but you will see, as indeed you have said, that in this work no proper opportunity is afforded for such display. Probably the critic's knowledge of other of the composer's writings caused this remark. I am willing to allow, however, that here the boundary of prudence was overstepped, and that Mr. Stöpel has not proved himself a Beethoven or a Mozart, so far as creative genius goes, at the first leap. Fourth, one says he has "found no instrumental writing finer than this"—a remark not hastily nor heedlessly uttered, but the result of careful examination, and comparison of the score, page by page, with works of the best orchestral composers. (5) No such judgment, thus formed, should be repelled, excepting after similar investigation, and I do not think, Mr. Editor, that, after investigation, you would have any wish to repel it. I am firmly persuaded of its entire justice.

In order that I may not be misunderstood in what I claim for Mr. Stöpel, let me say briefly what opinion I entertain of his work as a whole. I certainly do not place it beside the greatest compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. At the same time I believe that it marks "an era in our musical history," as above explained; that it shows a musical learning surpassed by no composer of these days; that it indicates the highest imaginative genius, in its exquisitely poetic and artistic illustration of a peculiarly unmusical subject; that it contains specimens of instrumentation equal to any ever written; that most of its melodies are unique and beautiful; and that it is as perfect a portrayal of the subject as could be looked for. Of course, it is not all equally excellent, and has its weak points. Some passages—a very few—are commonplace; that is to say, the composer has made use of forms which are the common property of all composers. But altogether considered, it ought to rank as one of the most important musical productions of this time, and must stand as the most important ever brought out in America.

You must allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that I do not consider your arguments against the present recognition of "Hiawatha's" merits at all convincing. You intimate that this work should rather languish for a long time in obscurity, than

go forth coupled with the "pretensions" which I have endeavored to sustain, because—Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others were not at first appreciated. This, certainly, is the idea that you convey—because the greatest composers of the world were not at first appreciated, Mr. Stöpel should not be; because they suffered from critical coolness during their lives, this gentleman, too, must wait for fame until the time when it can afford him very little satisfaction. (6) The "course of time" may be sure in establishing the title to eminence, but it is lamentably slow; and I believe that it is the duty of all whose influence can quicken its measured progress, and aid the struggles of aspiring genius, to heartily and sympathetically extend their encouragement when they may with justice do so. To come to particulars, I believe it is the duty of every writer on musical subjects, to closely examine a work like this of Mr. Stöpel, before rendering any opinion upon it, and above all, to respect such opinions as are based upon this principle, even when opposing them.

I feel myself justified in thus defending what has been said in commendation of "Hiawatha" against your gentle sarcasm, because it seems throughout your notice, that you have hardly viewed the composition from the right standpoint. You have treated it as a work of less dignity of purpose than it really is. (7) A single example will explain my meaning. You say, in speaking of "the Beggar's Dance, that 'the Indians must have known rum and white men before they danced to such tunes.' Here the misconception is palpable. We have nothing to do with tunes to which the Indians danced. The composer's idea was very far from that of reproducing the particular music which accompanied the wild dances of the Indians. He meant to give a musical picture of the gay scene at Hiawatha's wedding; a suggestion of the sports in which for the moment Pau-Puk-Keewis was the principal actor. The composer's intention was poetic and ideal; the one you attribute to him is vulgar and prosy in comparison.

I had intended to leave out of consideration everything that might be esteemed a question of taste, and I hesitate to dispute your assertion that "Hiawatha" is monotonous, for that reason. But after all, it is not exclusively a matter of taste. "Hiawatha" is composed of fourteen numbers, each one of which is different from the other in style, time, and rhythm. How then, can it be pronounced monotonous? (8) Had you said dull, I should have doubted, but in silence.

I need not assure you that my dissent from the views you express upon this subject does not conflict with the respect and esteem I entertain for the *Journal of Music*, and that my object in endeavoring to sustain my own opinions, and those of many others, is only to properly bring before the public the claims of a composer in whose genius and abilities I feel a deep trust.

Yours truly,

II.

#### NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

1. The italicism here, as elsewhere, was not intended to "throw discredit" on any one's opinion, but simply to direct attention to the unqualified character of the statement which we pronounced and still pronounce extravagant. We trust this removes the only shadow of a ground for charging us with want of "candor."

2. Many an event in this world's history, the birth of a child for instance—has, when looked back upon, been said to mark an "era." But it is a mind of rare prophetic insight

that can confidently read the era in the very hour the child or the event is born. The consequences of an event must be somewhat unfolded before we common mortals can proclaim an era. Now we cannot deny, neither can we affirm that "Hiawatha" is "incomparably the best" work yet produced in this country, we not having heard some of the largest claimants. But even if it were, would that make it an event necessarily of any very great importance to the world? Wait and see what influence it will have, and whether it will shape or color much the musical future of our country: then it will be time enough to say it marks an "era." It may be very fine, nay, even a work of real genius, and yet fall far short of that. Therefore we would forbear (and that was meant to be the moral of our article) passing *presumptuous* judgments, and we must still regard this "era" talk as verdant, hasty, over-confident, extravagant.

3. These claims no doubt are honest, springing from sincere enthusiasm: but are they modest? Who is the man among us, unless we had a Mendelssohn or Beethoven, that is competent, on a few hearings, or a reading of a score, to pronounce a composer's contrapuntal resources "without limit?" One must have exhausted all the possibilities of Art to be able to say that S. can do all that Bach or Handel did! We should not dare say that at once of any man, even if he were another Bach; such candidates must wait examination of their peers. And he who says that Bach and Handel were "masters of the fugue and nothing else" (?) would, we seriously fear, be among the last to recognise a really great work should it appear among us. Again, correct writing, of fugues as of other things, is not enough to make a Bach, any more than it is to make a Shakspeare. There may be infinite distance, as to genius, charm, expression, meaning, &c., between fugues equally "correct."

4. To question Mozart's "imaginative genius" because his music means more than the trash of words to which he often wrote, or to attribute the highest order of such genius to Mr. S. because he has been happy in the musical illustration of a more difficult poetic subject, than Beethoven ever undertook, shows, in either case, a very superficial notion of "imagination," "genius," "creative faculty," &c. We have no room to discuss it. Mozart wanting in imagination! Much as we were pleased with Mr. Stöpel's music, we find more imagination in one of Zerlina's little songs than in the whole of "Hiawatha;" we appeal to mankind. But our critic seems to waver in the re-assertion of his own strong statement.

5. "No instrumental writing finer than this." Were Mendelssohn to say that, we should place some trust in the opinion. But who of us—nay how many, think you, even of our best musicians, are really competent, from simply reading score with score, to say of a new work, that it is equal to the best orchestral writing of the greatest masters! If a thing is so great as that, it must take time to find it out, at all events if it be something new in kind.

6. You mistake our meaning. We did not say that this composer *ought* not to be recognized at once, because greater men than he were not. We only sought to show, by great examples, that in the very nature of the case the highest kind of genius *cannot* be recognized at once, except perhaps by here and there an individual of the rarest insight.

7. You mistake us again. We did not mean that Mr. Stöpel's purpose was to embody real "live Indian" music in his "Beggar's Dance;" but to hint that the quick movement thereof sounded to our ears by no means original, and very like, almost identical with some common, far from ideal jig that white folks dance to.

8. A musical work, a play, a poem, anything, may be "monotonous," although its form and time should change at every step. Still it may leave a monotonous impression on the mind. A perpetual succession of new images is no safeguard, necessarily, against that; while on the other hand (to come back to our friend's peculiar stumbling block), an organ fugue of Bach (!) that changes not in tempo, stops, degree of force, or thematic phrases, from beginning to end of the longest, shall sound ever fresh and new to us.—Ed.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

Mme. BISCACCIANTI and Miss JULIANA MAY, give a "Combination Concert" in the Music Hall this evening, which certainly combines many elements of interest. It will be an opportunity which no Bostonian would like to miss of hearing once more Boston's most accomplished prima donna, after years of triumphs on the operatic stage in Italy, France, Russia, South America, &c., while it will afford a new chance to appreciate the merits of the younger artist more fairly. They will be assisted by Signor BISCACCIANTI, violoncellist, Messrs. LANG and BAUMBACH, pianists, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. . . . CARL ZERRAHN's second Philharmonic Concert will take place next Saturday evening, when the orchestra will play Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony, Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, the *Fackeltanz* of Meyerbeer, &c., and a violin solo will be performed by M. COENEN. Perhaps also the German "Orpheus" will contribute some part-songs.

We have the programme of the closing soirée, for the past year, at Mr. E. B. OLIVER's excellent "Mendelssohn Musical Institute" in Pittsfield, Mass. This gentleman and his assistants, persevere successfully in the good work of inculcating a taste for truly classical music in their many pupils. The performances on this occasion were all by the young ladies, who are said to have done great credit to themselves and their instructors. The pianoforte pieces were a Rondo, (4 hands) by Clementi; *Sonata Pathétique*, Beethoven; *Sonata in F*, Mozart; *Adagio* (4 hands), Thalberg; *Rondo brillante*, S. Heller; *Sonata in D*, Mozart. The vocal pieces were Schubert's "Elogy of Tears"; Kücken's "Return of Spring," (two-part song); a song with guitar, "Miller's Maid," by Gould; and two-part song, "The May Bells," Mendelssohn. This is in delightful contrast with the usual dreary sentimentality and clap-trap of Seminary musical exhibitions. . . . They have capital programmes of orchestral music at the concerts of the "Classic Music Society" in New Orleans, under the direction of Mr. G. COLLIGNON. This, for the second of the series, Jan. 5th, could hardly be beaten: Part 1. Overture to *Iphigenia*, Gluck; *Concert-Stück*, Weber; *Andante*, Haydn; Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Part 2. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

(From the *Athenæum*, Dec. 25, 1858.)

At the last *Musical Soirée* of the Eighth Season of the *Réunion des Arts*, M. Wieniawski was the principal vocalist. He is associated with M. Jullien in his coming "farewell" tour through England, which is to precede that triumphant, artistic, philanthropic, and scientific *promenade* round the globe,—to which allusion has been made in the *Athenæum*. It seems unreasonable, to the verge of absurdity, that so little chamber-music is possible in London before *Valentine's Day*. M. Sainton is about to take a short flight to the Continent,—Herren Molique and Paner and Mr. Sloper are silent,—Signor Piatti and Pezze might simply be practising their *violoncelli* at home, for any noise of quartets and *trios* which reaches our ears. In fact, a strange Viennese, or Cremonese, or Parisian, who had alighted in our capital during the past month—so memorable for its darkness,—might have been excused had he gone home and printed in his book of travels that there was only one solitary instrumentalist to be found in London after "the House is up,"—that one being Miss Arabella Goddard. Verily, the inconsistencies in musical Art of the English are odd.

The list of operas to be produced during the coming French season at the *St. James Theatre*, is ample, and runs as follows:—"By Auber: *Domino Noir*, *L'Ambassadrice*, *La Sirène*, *Le Maçon*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Part du Diable*, *Haydée*, *Le Philtre*. By Herold: *Pré aux Clercs*, *Marie*. By Adam: *Le Chalet*, *Postillon de Longjumeau*. By Ambroise Thomas: *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, *Le Caïd*. By Halévy: *L'Eclair*, *Les Monsequétaires de la Reine*. By Boieldieu: *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, &c. By Grétry: *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *Zémire et Azor*." A good list is the above; yet,—though in no respect "fish-like," something "ancient." There are little operas by composers like M. Réber,—("Les Papillotes," to name one), or by M. Messé—"Les Noces de Jeanette," (to instance another), which would be acceptable in London, and are especially adapted to a company such as the one about to open its accounts with the public on Wednesday. But the management, no doubt, speculates on the English love for that which is known—not to say well worn. In any event, we hope that its success will enable it to fulfil its intention, which is stated to be the permanent establishment of an *Opéra Comique* in London.

At the *Crystal Palace Concert*, on Saturday last, was performed the music of Mendelssohn's Operetta, known here as "Son and Stranger," by Mrs. and Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper as principal singers.

The Drawing-room Opera written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson and Signor Biletta, for a company comprising Mrs. Enderssohn, Mrs. and Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Patey, is now, we understand, ready to start;—and, on New Year's Day, will put itself bodily into railway-carriages with a van for stage and "proper-

ties,"—and commence its journey from town to town in the true old Thespian style. It is the wise intention of its members, we learn, to work themselves up to the most perfect finish in the provinces before attempting performance in the Metropolis.

The journals of the week have announced that Dr. Bennett's "May Queen" is the musical work commanded, according to usage, for the New Year's performance at Windsor Castle.

M. Rémusat's comic opera company began their proceedings on Wednesday evening with "La Part du Diable," in which the principal character was taken by Madame Faure. This lady, who has sung chiefly in the French provinces since her marriage, will be best known to the frequenters of operas by her maiden name as Mlle Petit-Brière:—and in that most remembered for the lively way in which she gave the couplets of the *camel-boy* in M. Auber's "Prodigal Son."

Madame Viardot is expected in London very shortly. Mr. H. Leslie's Biblical Cantata, "Judith," will be performed at *St. Martin's Hall* early in March, with herself, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, in the parts sung by them at Birmingham.

PARIS. A new tenor, M. Montaubry, has appeared at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, in a new opera, "Les Trois Nicolas," by M. Chapuisson, with considerable success, both as actor and singer. The piece itself seems to be a poor one, and is built on incidents, which never happened, in the life of Dalayrac, the well known French composer. Correspondents in Paris state, that it will be premature to expect M. Meyerbeer's new opera, with only three characters and no chorus, for some months to come.

THE ITALIAN THEATRE IN PARIS.—M. Calzadò, director of the Italian Theatre, lately brought an action before the Tribunal of Commerce against M. Galvani, one of the singers, to have his engagement for the season declared null and void. His advocate represented that Galvani had been engaged at a very liberal salary as *primo tenore assoluto*, but that he had made a complete *fiasco* in the first part which he played—that of Lindoro in the *Italiani in Algeri*,—and that he had been pronounced by some newspaper critics not to be at all equal to the position he had taken; and the advocate contended that every theatrical engagement was held to be void when the performer failed to please the public, in proof of which he cited various law authorities and precedents. M. Galvani, on the other hand, through his advocate, stated that M. Calzadò had not engaged him until after he knew that he (Galvani) had sung with success in Italy, Germany, and Belgium; that foreign journals had spoken highly of his talent, and that it was on the express recommendation of no less a person than Madame Borghi-Mamo, a competent judge of singing, that M. Calzadò had engaged him. He further said that on the first night he had been afflicted with a cold, but that nevertheless if some journals had spoken ill of him, others had spoken well. He produced a certificate from Duprez, who is now director of the singing school at the Conservatoire, to the effect that he had a veritable tenor voice, and he said that M. Calzadò's reason for wanting to get rid of him was that, in addition to Mario and himself, he had engaged two other tenors, Graziani and Belard, and did not need four. Galvani therefore prayed that the action might be dismissed, and that M. Calzadò might be condemned to pay him a month's salary, which fell due on the 1st of November last. M. Calzadò's advocate begged that three experts might be charged to report on the extent and quality of Galvani's voice; but the tribunal, without noticing this request, decided that the engagement of a performer can only be put an end to when it shall be clearly proved that the public have received him with marked disfavour, and that M. Calzadò produced no such proof with regard to Galvani. It therefore rejected his action "for the present," and ordered him to pay Galvani 2,571*fr.*, his month's salary, due on the 1st of November last.—*Galvani's Messenger*.

M. Berlioz, in his last *feuilleton*, speaks so emphatically in praise of Madame Barbot, the new *soprano* who lately appeared at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris,—that, once again, we will hope her success there to be a real success, in spite of the praise in the papers. It is certain, at least, that such favour as the lady has gained owes nothing to "puff preliminary." The project of re-building the theatre on the site of the *Hôtel Osmond* has been, wisely, abandoned; a less convenient situation (as has been already said) hardly existing in Paris. Miss Thomson, the young English lady whose promise attracted attention at a late Concert of the *Conservatoire*, has made her *début* at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris as Mathilde in "Guillaume Tell."

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